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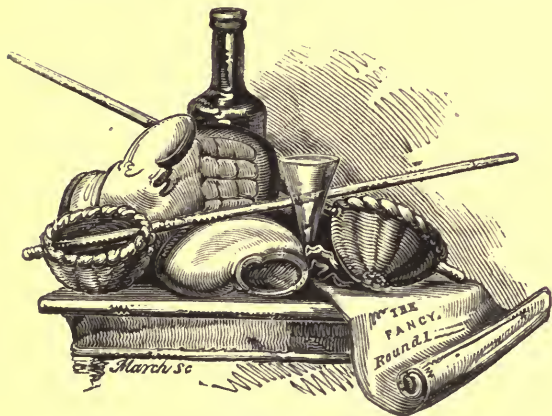
JACK RANDALL'S DIARY.

Andrew Fletcher
JACK RANDALL'S DIARY

OF PROCEEDINGS AT
The House of Commons
FOR
GENIUS.

EDITED
BY MR. BREAKWINDOW.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
Several of
MR. B.'S MINOR PIECES.



LONDON:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of the following Papers feels it a duty he owes the public to give them some account of the Society held at the House of Call for Genius, prior to his presenting them with Mr. Randall's curious and highly interesting Diary : he therefore relates, for their edification, the following " unvarnished Tale :"—

London, which is the great emporium of first-rate, second-rate, and talent of every rate, has for a few years past been literally inundated with Geniuses of every description, who, from the circumstance of not having any settled place of resort, have been obliged to wander, maunder and cross each other in every direction;

which, added to the usual number of *crosses* that Geniuses meet with in general in every direction, rendered their state truly pitiable. Mr. Randall, who is a man of the most acute feeling, and capable at times of awakening it in others, long and deeply lamented their melancholy condition. His tenderest sympathies were awakened, and he generously resolved to open his House for their reception. He did so—and his well-known respect, (and indeed regard,) for public character, and private opinion, induced him to note correctly the proceedings of each night, which at his leisure he poetized ; and now, with that timidity which is the usual concomitant of Genius, he tremblingly unveils them to the eye of the world.

R. BREAKWINDOW.

CONTENTS.



<i>JACK RANDALL's DIARY,</i>	PAGE
<i>Canto I.</i>	3
<i>Canto II.</i>	17

MINOR POEMS.

<i>When in gaol I shall calm recline,</i>	33
<i>'Tis the last glass of claret</i>	35
<i>Oh! Tommy, wilt thou gang with me?</i>	37
<i>Lines on the Fight between Randall and Turner.</i>	40
<i>Randall's Farewell to the Pugilistic Ring.</i>	44
<i>Familiar Epistle to Mr. Randall.</i>	46
<i>To Caleb Baldwin, Esq.</i>	49
<i>To Mr. Martin the Baker, on his Victory over the Scientific Cabbage.</i>	51
<i>To Mr. Painter, on his late Pugilistic Combat with the renowned Tom Oliver.</i>	53
<i>Lines written on a Pane of Glass at the Hole in the Wall.</i>	56
<i>Randall; a Fragment: with Notes. By the late Richard Ranger, Esq.</i>	60
<i>Moulsey.</i>	73



JACK RANDALL's DIARY.

CANTO I.

JACK RANDALL'S DIARY.

CANTO I.



'TWAS ten o'clock, and sounds of cattle
Were heard, for Tom Trot's bran new *Rattle**,
From *Tothill Fields*, came trotting down,
 Flinging the gutters in the air,
Alarming all the peaceful Town,
 And making all the *Natives* stare.

* Carriage.

And with him came Jack Randall tight,

The *fibbing, touting, scuttling Blade*,

Who never yet hath shewn in fight

The snow-white *Feather's* damning shade*.

They soon alighted,—then came in,—

And, after having took a fill

Of *Strip-me-naked*, or of *gin*,

Or *prime blue ruin*, which you will†,

Tom took the Chair,—and sent out Jack,

To whistle in a hopeful Pack

Of Genius's, who stood without :

But when they saw Tom in the Chair,

They sent forth such a deaf'ning shout,

As made the *Master* Genius stare.

* To shew the *white feather*, is to prove himself a coward.

† Various names given by the *modern Greeks* to *gin*.

Says Tom, " My *Kids*, I'm glad to see
We 're such a numerous Family;
And, as 'tis fit without more boasting,
That soon we should commence our toasting,
I 'll fill my Cup with ' liquid flame,'
And let each *Kiddy* do the same,
And now, my *Swells*, we 'll *swipe* success*

To that which makes us laurels win—
To that great comfort 'mid distress,—
That sparkling fluid, *Deady's Gin*."

Jack Randall then impatient rose,

And said, " Tom's speech were just as fine,
If he would call that *first* of *Go's*
By that *genteeler* name—*White Wine*†.

* To *swipe*, is to drink.

† The usual name given to this exhilarating cordial, in the upper circles.

And *blow me tight* (says Jack) if I
Can keep my *mauleys** *straight* or *steady*,
Until I've seen a *quartern* dry,
And sluic'd my *chatterers*† in the *Deady*."

Trot, somewhat *snuffy*‡, "begg'd to say,
He 'd shew that *start* the proper air
A *Cove* should put on for the day
He fills some great and public Chair;
So civilly begg'd, that he no more
Might be corrected here by Jack,
Or else (and here he loudly swore)
The *Nonpareil* should *shew his back*§."

* His hands.

† It literally means—rinsed his mouth; it is rather too metaphorical.

‡ Tipsey.

§ Leave the room.

Bill Gibbons rose, and said, "As how,

That he for one should recommend

Tom would not here *kick up a row*,

Or *spit his jaw out**, at his Friend:

For if he did it, *blow him tight*,

By *Belcher's fist*, and *Living Jingo*,

He 'd *cut the party*, (*honour bright*,)

Before he 'd *stow†* such saucy *Lingo*."

Dick Welborn the *Corinthian‡*, then,

That mighty dabster at his Pen,

Whom Nature, when she made a dash,

And thought to shew the *Coves* her power,

* Vent his ill temper.

† Put up with.

‡ Corinthian signifies a gentleman, or a very dashing fellow;—a chap that wears a frock coat, or white corded small clothes and top boots.

Made Dick; for he can *gob-out* Flash,

And *swig blue ruin* by the hour*;

Rose speedily, and "hop'd to twig

A little what was call'd attention,

And swore that *blow his Sister's wig*,

Tom Trot was free from reprehension.

(And said,) I'll tell ye what, my Lads,

If we were *donkeys, mules, or prads*†,

The *Kids* with which this room is cramm'd,

Might hope in time to mount and ride us;

But if they do it, I'll be d——d,

While we've got fists and gin beside us.

* Talk Flash and drink gin; where Dick acquired these accomplishments, we are at a loss to guess.

† Horses.

Tom took the Chair,—I thought it civil,—

And he was call'd to it quite fair,

And tell me, *Coves*, now who the D——l

Would be *blow'd up*, or *bother'd* there?

Tom had not half a *quartern* pour'd,

Before Jack Randall we could see,

His *jawing tackle had on board**,

Which soon he tipp'd the Company.

Now if Trot's speeches we're to miss,

To *stomach* such a *rig* as this,

Although Bill Gibbons he may tear,

Just like a cat against the wind,

And like such conduct; I can't bear

To see it, till my *day-light's blind*†."

* A piece of sea slang.

† Till he is *blind drunk*—intoxicated, &c.

The *Coves* just here, began to cheer him,
And Flaherty cried out "Hear him! hear him!"
Which being seen by some, they gave
To Dick the gaily circling cup,
To *dip his beak* deep in the wave,
While Paddy Flaherty started up.
His *castor**, Flaherty 'gan to doff,
And, after having toss'd clean off
A tumbler full of *Strip-me-naked*,
To give his nerves the proper tone,
He rose, and from his *brain-box* raked
An eloquence—oh! quite his own.

"Gemmen, (says he,) You all well know,
The joy there is whene'er we meet,

* His hat.

It 's what I call the *primest Go**,

And, rightly nam'd, 'tis—' *quite a treat.*'

But if you fall a squabbling thus,

I fear me every Cove will rue it,

You 've kick'd up such a *dev'lish fuss*,

Hell 's quite a *summer-house* unto it."

'Twas clear to see this piece of wit

Of Paddy Flaherty's was a hit,

For grins, and smiles, and all the cousins

Of laughs, came in each face by dozens:

'They begg'd him to go on ; but he,

Although he lik'd the company,

Was Irish to the very letter,

And lik'd the *Strip-me-naked* better.

* The finest thing possible.

He grumbled down, and said, " So bad
The Speeches were, it was quite tax-work
To hear them," when got up a Lad,
Whose face look'd dev'lishly like *wax-work* :

And said, " If e'er they were beholden
Unto a Cove, that it was now,
For Paddy in a second told them,
That all they did was make a Row."

Just here there was a deaf'ning clamour,
When Tom drew forth his wooden hammer,
With which, as loud as he was able,
He silence knock'd upon the Table ;
But silence would have come as soon,
Had Tom just ask'd it of the Moon.

He threw the hammer down in scorn ;
And, as the first faint rays of Morn
Were through the casements stealing in,
 And at the keyhole of the door,
And brightning all the upset gin,
 That lay in eddies on the floor ;
Tom Trot, at the approach of day,
Thought it most wise to steal away,
And with him went the choicest sprites,
 That kept the *Flash* and *Fun* alive ;
Kids, who had prov'd in *Attic* nights,
 The *primest* bees in Randall's hive.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.



CANTO II.



JACK RANDALL'S DIARY.

CANTO II.



Who has e'er been at Randall's at day-break ? and
seen

The first gleam of light from the East stealing in,
And bright'ning the white chalks that on the *Tap-*
door,

Mrs. Randall has scored ; and the pipes on the floor,

That, broken and crack'd, have fell from the hands
Of the *Coves* who love *light-twist**, at evening to
cheer 'em ?
Who love them when sleeping, for stretch'd on the
sand,
Are the *Coves* rather *cut*†, in somnabulence near
'em.

Who has e'er been at Randall's, when twilight has lent
Inexpressible charms to this *lush-crib*, and sent
All those who were *Swipers*, yet hated the day,
To witness the spot where their feet lov'd to stray ?
When the light that is streaming from newly-lit Gas,
Sheds its ray on the *tap tables*, *benches*, and *panes*,

* Tobacco.

† Tipsey.

And illumes the *light-wet*, that now shines in each
glass

Of the *Soakers* that sit in sweet Chancery Lane.

This night, just at nine, the *Kids* 'gan to drop-in,
But seem'd undetermin'd for going or stopping ;
Which I thought unhandsome,—for most of them
knew

I'd got all on purpose for them, clean and ready,
A *bran-new* fresh cargo of *Prime-wet-me-through* ;
(A name Trot thought genteeler for *gin* than the
Deady ;)

And I long'd just as much as a beau at a ball,
To shew off in *prime style*, or a wit with his fun-
ning ;

And 'twas my intention, when the *Chair* gave a *call*
For *blue ruin*, to set this “*right sort of stuff*”
running.

That Wiggins was punctual, oh ! none of us durst
For an instant dispute—he was one of the first
That *pegg'd up his castor**; for every one knows,
If there 's one that admires the *primest of Go's*,
Much more than another of all the *prime men*,
That for *guttling* it, meet, each night at our *Ken*,
'Tis Wiggins, who's *up-to* (or may I be undone,)
Each *Gin shop* the highest and lowest in London.

Wiggins, who long'd to taste the tap,
Indulg'd himself in swagg'ring speeches,

* Hung up his hat.

Nor ceas'd, e'en when that *Kiddy chap*,
Tom Trot, in his white-corded breeches,
And new top-boots, came stalking in,
And sung out " Jack, let 's *take the shine*
Out of a *Go** of Deady's gin,
Genteely nam'd by *Flats*—' *White Wine.*' "

Now Wiggins seeing Trot forgot,
Or either was too proud to do it,
To make apology on the spot,
For being thus behind his time,
Which every one who reads must feel,
Whether 'tis told in prose or rhyme,
Is conduct highly ungenteel,

* A measure well known by the frequenters of *lush-cribs*, whether *swiggers* of gin, or any other exhilarating cordial.

Resolved the Chairman now should rue it;
Or try what *lots of brass the Lad*,
From ever-bounteous Nature had,
To raise a row, and then get through it.
And thus, without more *slum**, began,—
“ I think, my tight-ones, we're a set
Of pretty *Blades* as ever met,
Over some flowing *Pot-house can*,
To settle, without *botheration*,
The *rigs* of this here *tip-top nation*.
Now, if a Chairman happen'd once
To disappoint, without much doubt,
They'd *mill the Cove*, or *crack his sconce*,
And then, *by Goles*, they'd kick him out.

* Bother.

So why should we waste time in *chatter*,
In canvassing such flimsy matter ?
If this *Corinthian* were the Sun,
And we could not well do without him,
Why then, '*for certes*,' I for one,
Should be the last to jeer and flout him ;
But, oh ! no sun is he whose beam
Of wit illumines life's muddy stream ;
The *pithy* term that from me flew,
Was, like the Horse Guards' clock, most true ;
Corinthian, he is, as *dull*, and *solemn*,
As any old *Corinthian column* ;
Or *column* in the Tory papers,
By C—nn—g wrote, when in the vapours.

Wiggins having done, Tom Trot
Took his new *castor* from his head,

And said, that “ He, for one, *had got*

Amus’d by what the Gemman said :

He would not say, ’twas wit, or sense,

But this he knew,—’twas eloquence,

Of just the order Wiggins nourishes,

So *frothy*, and so fine in *flourishes* ;

So fill’d with *twists*, and mazy *curls*,

To make us well-bred Natives stare,

Such *light* and *shade*, and *zig-zag twirls*,

That all who heard him must declare,

In *flourishing*, him first of men*,

Whether he hath, or not, the *pen* ;

* This Wiggins undoubtedly is,—indeed he has been allowed to be, the best *flourisher* of ancient or modern time, by *kiddies*, whose judgments may, in this affair, be relied upon.

And grant him in a thing so rare,
The first of all *Top Sawyers** there."

He stopp'd, but would have spoke again,—

But Randall, with as swift a pace,
As summer lightning follows rain,
Came in to tell a doleful case ;
And the first words the *Buffer* said,
Were, " *By the living Jingo*, Ned,
A thing has chanc'd which is undoing ;
As I op'd wide the cellar door,
By Crib ! I saw my *prime blue ruin*
Running like *fun* about the floor ;

* A *top sawyer*, signifies a man that is a *master genius* in any profession. It is a piece of Norfolk *slang*, and took its rise from Norfolk being a great timber county, where the *top sawyers* get double the wages of those beneath them.

And so by all that 's *prime and tight*,
No *gin*, my Lads, you 'll get to-night."

The Chair was going, this *doughty Nobber*,
To call a cut-purse, thief, and robber,
A fellow, who was fit at most,
To *scrag**, or *nap the winding post*†.
But Wiggins, that good-hearted fellow,
Who wish'd to make again all mellow,
Rose up, and said, " The loss of gin,
Was doubtless great ; but by the taper,
That *Davy*‡ held as he came in,
He stoop'd, and pick'd up this small paper ;

* To hang.

† To be transported.

‡ Randall's man.

And from what little he could see,
'Twas *Wit*, or *Flash*, or *Poetry*.
And though they lost their gin that night,
'Twas clear that here was something found,
And therefore begg'd the smiles so bright,
Might still be seen careering round."
A cry was here of "Read—read—read,"
And Wiggins, being kind "in deed
As well as word," first *blew his nose*,
And then in that sweet strain began,
So often heard with joy by those,
Who know this highly-gifted man.

“ To THOMAS TROT, Esq.”

“ Sweet Trot, had I a diamond pin,
I'd seek the *Coal Hole's** deepest glass,
Which you so oft with *Deady's gin*,
Fill high, and then exulting pass;
And on its face with this same pen,
I'd tell each porter-quaffing lout,
Tom Trot, the *primest*—first of men,
Chose death with *gin*, to life without.

“ Oh, say, doth Wit, or Genius lie
In Randall's*, or in Higman's* Cell?

* Three well-known public houses.

Or, doth young Pleasure's balmy sigh,
Capricious, scorn elsewhere to dwell ?
'Tis true that *Fancy* often there,
Is seen on every Windsor chair ;
But Wit and Genius scorn to meet
In such a *raffish*, *low* retreat.

“ Can nothing wake thee from the dream?
Or, art thou sunk in Pleasure's stream
So deep, that every keen shaft glides,
Like sunbeams o'er the smiling tides?
If so, farewell! Wit's diamond pen
Shall tell the world, from lord to lout,
Tom Trot, the primest—first of men,
Chose death with *gin*, to life without.”

The Kids were pleas'd at this *rum* skit,
And Tom declar'd it was a hit,
So neatly wrapp'd in rhyme and wit,
That if he knew the author, he
Would civilly beg his company
At Randall's,—where he'd find him ready
To treat him with a pint of *Deady*.

The Coves at this *prime* liberal speech,
Thus spoken by the first of men,
Sent forth a loud applauding screech,
And each then left the Randall's *Ken*.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

MY Friend, Mr. Randall, fearing that he might bore too heavily, declines *punishing* the reader with any more of his Diary, until he sees whether the Lads of the *Fambles* fancy him. Should they be tasteless enough not to vote him a *Trump*, he fears this will be both his first, and last Poetic attempt. It may appear affectation in one so intimate with Mr. R. as myself, to come *piping in* with my lamentations; but justice to Genius obliges me to say, that should this unhappy occurrence take place, none will lament Mr. Randall's *tipping his rags a gallop* from the *Poetic ring*, more deeply, and more sincerely, than

ROBERT BREAKWINDOW.

Hope, which may be significantly termed the *Bottle-holder* of the mind, still whispers me that my Friend is once more putting in his claim to be considered as an accomplished *Fibber*, and that his declaration of “*cutting his stick*,” is all—a *Flam*.

MR. BREAKWINDOW now takes the liberty of submitting to the Public Eye, what he denominates, HIS Minor Poems. He commences with Three Parodies, as being of more general interest than those that follow, which the Reader will perceive were written on the passing occurrences of the day.

AIR,—“ *The Legacy.*”

WHEN in gaol I shall calm recline,
Bear my best coat to some Pawnbroker near;
Shew him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,
And ask him a price that is not too dear.
Bid him not search for Bank Notes in the pocket,
For they were *lugg'd* out to discharge an old debt ;
And all that he 'll find will be an old locket
Of *Sal's*, which she gave me the last time we met.

When the use of each *gin can* is o'er,
Sack them, and take them over the way,
For I know the *Cove*, and he 'll lend you more
Than any *Flat* can afford to pay;

Bid him not turn 'em up for the rincing,
That oftentimes lies at the bottom so dim,
But tell him, my *old one*, without any mincing,
You *mopp'd them out** ere you brought them to him.

Take then this glass, which the *gaol-bird* is twining,
With bright *flashy* flowers, which spring for him
yet,

And think how oft in it we've seen the gin shining,
And bath'd our ripe lips in the *Deady's light wet*.
And wonder not, if in some inspired minute
As intently you gaze on this cup o'er, and o'er,
A *Go of blue ruin* should start up within it,
The *inside of your white neck to wet once more*.

* Drank up the remainder.

AIR,—“ *The Last Rose of Summer.*”

'Tis the last glass of Claret
Left sparkling alone,
All its rosy companions
Are *clean'd out* and gone;
No wine of her kindred,
No Red Port is nigh,
To rival her blushes,
Or gladden my eye.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
This *desert** to crown,
As the bowls are all empty,
Thou too shalt go down.

* Mr. Breakwindow here, we suspect, aims at a pun.

Note by the Publishers.

Thus kindly I drink up
Each drop of pure red,
And fling the bright goblet
Clean over my head.

So soon may Dame Fortune
Fling me o'er her head,
When I quit brimming glasses,
And *toddle* to bed.
When Champagne is exhausted,
And Burgundy's gone,
Who would leave even Claret
To perish alone !

AIR,—“ *Oh Nanny.*”

Oh ! Tommy, wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to quit a rural sky,
Can new frock coats have charms for thee,
Or prime top-boots delight thine eye ?
No longer dress'd in hobnail shoes,
Can'st thou resign the vulgar croud,—
Can'st thou their sports and pastimes lose,
Where thou wert loudest of the loud ?

Oh ! Tommy, when at Randall's crib,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind,
Wilt thou not mourn the *rustic bib**,
Which for my sake thou hast resign'd ?

* A Smock Frock.

Can *neat light oaths*, or *whiffs of smoke*,
Atone to thee for that choice croud,
In which you told the worn-out joke,
And laugh'd the loudest of the loud?

Oh! Tommy, can'st thou long to meet
With squeezings, such as, o'er and o'er,
They taste who seek to get a seat,
By ling'ring at the gallery door?
Say, should the money-taker bawl
"No room,"—will it thy sunshine cloud,—
Will mem'ry those choice scenes recal,
Where thou wert loudest of the loud?

And when at last in gaol you lie,
And breathe St. George's balmy air,

Wilt thou repress each rising sigh,
And think thyself the *primest* there ?
And wilt thou thy last six-pence view,
Turn'd out to treat some vagrant croud,
Nor wish again those hours that flew,
Where thou wert loudest of the loud ?

Lines

ON THE FIGHT BETWEEN

RANDALL AND TURNER.

ALL hail to the *Cove*, see his doxies have crown'd him,
 With gin-dripping shamrocks just pluck'd from
 the plain,

See the *Captain**, and *Caleb**, are chuckling around
 him,

As he offers to *scuttle a nob* o'er again.

Ah ! Erin, be proud of the boy you have got,

And toast his sweet name in the *water of life*†;

* Captain Barclay and Caleb Baldwin, trainers and betters on Randall.

† Gin.

Drink joy to his *double-ups*, strength to his shot*,
: And a laurel each time he embarks in the strife.

Oh the leak that beam'd gaily on Turner's clear brow,
Glitters still in the wind both purely and bright,
Though the fast springing buds are close clipp'd
round it now,

Yet the leak is but robbed of the glare of its light.
Say, thou *Shakspeare of Fancy men*, who could resist
The *Fibber*, the *Touter*, the *tight Bit of Stuff*,
The man who knew *head-work*, and whose mutton fist
Could have tipp'd e'en a young rampant bullock
enough.

* A peculiar blow that Randall has the power of giving, and denominated among the *Fancy*, "Randall's shot."

Let feather-bed whelps, without any discerning;
In fashion's gay rounds pass the best of their days;
Let students and poets, in bowers of learning,
Drawl out their existence, and sing their soft lays:
Be ours the wild pleasure, be ours the bright hopes,
Which e'en when devoid of our *day-lights* we see,
The chance but of *flinging* our man on the ropes,
Or of *boring a customer* down on the knee.

We 're just like the flowers that bloom in that clime,
Where all sorts of sun-shining sweet-meats are
eaten,
Blushing on, blooming on, through the whole summer time,
And whose value 's not known till *most soundly*
they 're beaten.

'Tis then that their soft rosy fragrancy glows,
And expands with delight as their strength dies
away,
And we, when the *claret* bright, torrent-like, flows,
Prove our worth by our *nobs* being board-like and
gay.

Randall's Farewell

TO THE

PUGILISTIC RING.

FAREWELL to the ring, where my *claret-stain'd* glory
 Arose and obscured the *prime dons* with my fame,
 I abandon her now, but, *Boxiana*, thy story
 Shall render quite fadeless the *Nonpareil's* name.
 Oh, sad is the heart that can say "the deuce take
 her,"

To Fame, when she's backing a blade of the fist ;
 But Turner I've clear'd out ; and Martin *the Baker*,
 I'd very near put on the *Bankruptcy list*.

Then blame me not, *Kids, Swells, or Lads of the
Fancy,*

For opening a *lush-crib** in *Chancery Lane,*
An appropriate spot 'tis, you doubtless all can see,
Since *heads* I have plac'd there and let out again.
Farewell then, thou ring, whence I first drew my glory;
Farewell to Bill Gibbons, Tom Owen† farewell,
And when to *Greenhorns* you 're telling some *tight
milling story,*
Then think on *Jack Randall, the prime Nonpareil.*

* A Public House.

† Two of his bottle-holders and supporters.

Mr. RANDALL's loss, (like Miss O'Neil's retirement,) was so deeply felt, that, at the desire of several Gentlemen of the *Fancy*, I addressed the following short *Familiar Epistle* to him, — *Superscription*,
“ *Hole in the Wall, Chancery Lane.*”

PRYTHER, sprightly Randall, say,
Now the gloves you 've thrown away,—
Feel you more at ease, than when
You broke the heads and ribs of men? .
Or, grows your hand more firm and steady,
In handing out the cheering *Deady*?

Once, you were the chief delight
Of those who lov'd a *bit of Fight*,

And sought by that *conglommeration**;
To keep alive the *milling nation*;
And though, my Randall, you are cheerful,
Yet all the *fibbing Blades* are tearful.

For, since you've cut the *tidy thing*,
And cut the *Gemmen* of the ring,
'They clearly see, beyond all doubt,
The *milling* candles all snuff'd out,
And to their sorrow find, my *tight one*,
That you, though last, was still the bright one.

* A word made use of by Mr. Randall at his examination at Bow Street, a short time since : being asked by the Magistrate if he knew any thing of the tumultuous affair then before them, he replied " Oh, yes, a *conglommeration of tailors* had assembled in Battersea Fields to fight," &c. &c.

So me, my *Nonpareil*, they've got,
To shuffle up a pretty lot
Of sweet respects, in proper tense—
Just suited to a man of sense,
To beg that you'll relieve their pain,
By *nobbing* in the ring again.

TO CALEB BALDWIN, Esq.

SWEET CALEB ! 'neath whose genial beam,
 So many sons of slang have sprung to life ;
 And, taught by thee, have quaff'd the *Deady's*
 stream,
 At Belcher's, or at Randall's seat of strife.

How must the Muse lament, that, far away,
 At Tothill Fields, or Westminster's dominions,
 Thou shedd'st thy mild and evanescent ray,
 Thou brightest feather in the Fancy's pinions.

Some wintry night, when with Bill Gibbons, round
The Randall's fire we sit in quiet state,
Oh ! may we hear thy cheerful footsteps sound,
And see thee *toddle* in with heart elate.

If so, I swear, e'en at the Fancy's shrine,
The *primest strip-me-naked* that within
The deepest *quartern* ever flow'd, is thine ;—
I know that nothing tempts thy soul like *gin*.

TO MR. MARTIN THE BAKER,

On his Victory over

THE SCIENTIFIC CABBAGE.

THOU *Master of the Rolls*, whose potent fist
Has swept the *garden stuff* clean off the list;
Accept this tribute without jeer or gibe,
From one fond votary of the *milling* tribe.
Long may'st thou, *man of crumb*, make *claret* flow,
And bury thy fist in *flesh*, as well as *dough**.

Knead all the Coves as tight,—and close,
As the *Cabbage*, who did gather

* Towards the middle of the fight, the report says, “Martin literally buried his fist in the body of Cabbage.”

Himself compact, to avoid the blows,
Like *chickweed* in rainy weather*.

Since Randall's mighty genius gone,
The ring's scarce worth the looking on;
Crib gets the gout,
And can't come out;
And Turner's now too fat to fight;
And Carter's *slum*†
No more can hum;
And Donnelly's bid the world "good night."
So to thee we look now, scientific Martin,
To shew the *Coves* the tricks thou 'rt smart in.

* *Chickweed*, it is well known, possesses this *barometer-like* quality.

† *Slum*—Anglicè, *gammon*. The attractions of this self-elected champion have pretty well expired.

To Mr. Painter,

On his late Pugilistic Combat with the renowned

TOM OLIVER.

OH, PAINTER! thou *Artist*, whom dame Nature owns,
 For *painting* the *life*, the *flesh*, and the *bones*,
 In colours cerulean,—whose bright-tinted hue
 Could be drawn out, my *old one*, by no one but you.

Rejoice in your laurels, and *swig* the full cup;

Let your old heart with triumph, and joy be
 elate,

For in *milling* tough Tom, and *sewing him up*,

You've prov'd your *executive* powers most great.

Thou Raphael of fancy ! your *fist* was the *brush*,
And Tom's *head* was the *palate*, where many a blush
Of the *crimson* was drawn ; but the *blue* and the
 black,

You contriv'd to extract from his *chest* and his
 back.

Your powers of *handling* we saw in a trice,

When your *bunch of five** tickled his *muns*, and
 then *ribb'd* him ;

And your genius for *keeping*, for just like a vice,

You held the old boy while you *facer'd* and
 fibb'd him.

* The milling hand is often figuratively termed—" *the bunch of five*."

Oh ! when Sir Thomas, by that *Miller* Time,
Is sent *full trot* to that delicious clime,
Where Rubens dwells, and Titian takes the air,
Thou PAINTER, fit for such a station rare,
Come up to town, and stand for the Professor's
Chair.

Lines

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS

AT THE

“HOLE IN THE WALL.”

Oh! would ye know the poet's home,
Or where my soul delights to stray?
'Tis where the choicest spirits roam—
'Tis where wit's brightest light'nings play.
Oh! Randall's is the blessed spot,
So fam'd for tales of fun and slaughter,
And there 'twill be Bob's happy lot,
To drink sweet poison—rum and water.

I'd sooner sit in Randall's tap,
With Wiggins, and Dick Welborn round,
And bashful Flaherty, that sweet chap,
Whose voice none ever heard the sound,
Than enter the genteelest door,
E'er own'd by duke or lord in power ;
Where frothy compliments, like poor
Pad nags, are *let out* by the hour.

In future times, when we are gone,
And *Trot* beneath some stone is laid,
And *Welborn's* earthly race is run,
And I, poor wretch ! am in the shade :—
I mean that time when we are dead,
And worms have, in some luckless minute,

Commenc'd a search on *Flaherty's* head,
As *if* to find some *brains* within it :—

Some wight shall call up many stares,
From some *fresh kid* with *bran new hat* on,
By shewing for some *blunt*, the chairs
On which we all so oft have sat on.
And he shall say,—“ *Here* oft was seen
Tom Trot, with *ruin* in his *dandle**,—
And *Wiggins* oft in this has been,—
And in this elbow sat *Jack Randall*.”

“ Poor Lads ! they lov'd the *pure light wet*,
Nor were they of a row afraid ;—

* With a glass of *gin* in his hand.

Poor Lads ! they 've paid the general debt,—

The *only debt* each ever paid.

Yet let no creditor in ire,

Make some rash unrelenting vow ;

For all the *kit* were lads of *fire*,

And if they 've luck—they are so now."

Randall ;

A FRAGMENT : WITH NOTES.

BY THE LATE RICHARD RANGER, ESQ.

IMMORTAL Randall ! Thou whose fadeless name
 Stands like a sun-burst on the scroll of Fame,
 Inspire the Muse, who seeks in votive lays,
 To sing thy god-like deeds, and hymn thy praise.

The Muse is right, who hath auspicious popt
 Upon thy birth, and says that thou wert *dropt*
 In that most sacred spot in all our Isles,
 That 's 'neath the patronage of great *St. Giles* :
 There, in some *cellar*, didst thou, chief of men !
 First breathe the air,—but if thou didst—what then ?

The Ajacian* Wanderer, whom Fate so kind,
Permitted long to *ruffian* all mankind,
First saw the light within some secret cell,
Where none but shoe-blacks were allowed to dwell;
Gazed on the scene his soul disdained to own,
And fleetly strode from soot-bags to a throne.
That mighty Pope†, whose iron-fisted sway,
Rome trembling own'd, and own'd but to obey;
Who in the Capitol *run so many rigs*,
Once fed his appetite by feeding pigs.

But luckless they in obscuratation hurl'd,
Compared with thee who *lit-up* half the world,
Or half the world's first city—just the same,
When quite a boy, and fearless seeking fame.

* Napoléon Buonaparte,

† Sixtus the Fifth.

Oft have we seen him at the twilight hour,
Start mid a hail-storm, and defy its power;
With ladder pois'd on left arm, torch on right,
Swift through the lanes he wings his eagle flight,
Touches each wick—all make the kind return,
And countless lamps, inspired by Randall, burn.

Such was his toil, when one night coming home,
Some *swell* uncivil, who 'd been out to roam
In search of *lark*, or some delicious *gig*
The mind delights in, ~~when~~ 'tis in *prime twig*,—
Some precious piece of laughter-loving *fun*,
The soul can look on calmly when 'tis done,
And to itself in bitter moments say,
“ Think on the *kiddyish spree* we had on such a
day !”

This *swell*, however, whose *flash* name was Bob,
Brush'd against Jack, and hit him 'on the *nob* ;
When Jack, impetuous, flung his link in air,
And swore an oath that made the *natives* stare ;
Then *peel'd*, and said, " The *Coves* shall find, 'od-
rott'em !

That if not *science*, I at least am *bottom*."

Swift at Bob's *snotty-box*, his white fist flew,
And soon a shower of the *claret* hue,
Tapp'd by Jack's *mauleys*, from Bob's *smellers* burst,
When down he dropp'd,—and ended " *round the*
first."

Yet why, oh Muse ! recount the hard-fought fray, }
Or tell the hits ?—It is enough to say, }
Jack *tipp'd the Cove* enough, and *brush'd* away. }

Yet as he pass'd where *Seven-Dials** greets
 The passers-by, with its delicious sweets,
 Where *jacky's* drank until the senses reel,
 Where *Beauty's bashful*, and where *Wit's genteel*;
 Thus to himself immortal Randall said—

“ This *fist*, this *nob*, were sure for *milling* made;
 “ And when I think on all the *swells* that I
 “ Have *doubled up*, and *settled clean*, I sigh,
 “ To think that I, who am the *Fancy's pink*,
 “ Should carry (death and fire!)—a filthy link!
 “ A ladder too, forsooth! this arm must bear,
 “ That sent *Young Snuffy*† to the Lord knows
 “ where!

* We protest for this being a noun singular.

† This *Chick* used to amuse his “leisure hours” in selling dog's meat, and was the terror of all neighbouring butcher boys, until he had the *shine milled out* of him, by the *Non-pareil*.

“ This rig I’ll *cut* ;—’tis Friday ; and to-morrow,
“ Come weal or woe, by Crib ! come joy or sorrow,
“ When *old Jack Wiggins* counts for me my *score*,
“ I’ll bid him *post the blunt* for me no more :
“ For me no more shall *hogs* or *simons** ring,
“ While the delighted *lug* is listening.

“ God of the Fancy ! now receive my vows,
“ And grant a laurel to thy Randall’s brows :
“ In thund’ring *floorers* let me shine sublime,
“ In *nobbers* famed ; and, when the cry of ‘ Time’
“ Strikes on my ear, oh, ever, ever ready,
“ Let Jack be found, with *fambles straight*, and
“ *steady.*”

* This allusion of Mr. Ranger’s to the vulgar method of trying shillings and sixpences, is highly characteristic.

Thus pray'd the Randall, while he bent his way
Towards *Fives-Courts*, where many a *flash* display
Was wond'ring seen, until that *doughty Ribber*
Burst on them, an electrifying *Fibber**.

Jack soon was match'd with a *prime milling blade*,
Whose laurels fleet, he placed in endless shade,
And *carcase* nearly *trundled* to old *Nick*—
For soon *all dicky* 'twas with *Western Dick*†.

Holt next came forth, but soon was found *at fault* ;
For quickly *Holt* sung out to *Jack* to halt :—

* *Jack* astonished even his most sanguine admirers in changing from *left to right*, and *vice versa*, using both hands with equal facility, and dropping his man in style.

† West country *Dick*, whom he made in half an hour a *spectacle*.

Then came the Turner, *trained* amid the gales,
That blow *chop-cutting*, 'mid the rocks of Wales ;
With *right-leg forth**, and fist, whose deadly blow,
Sent *Curtis*† howling to the shades below.

For one long hour did Mars, astonish'd, see
The *fib*, the *bore*, and *drop upon the knee*,
Ere Neddy cried, with skin no longer *buff*,
“ I think, my *milling Coves*, I've had enough ;
“ And *Bill* and *Joe*, who now the *jacky suck*,
“ Can swear *as how* I've shew'd the *primest pluck*.”

* His peculiar mode of fighting, which renders him difficult to be *got-at* ; the *Nonpareil*, however, *got-in*, and *went to work in style*, *serving an ejectment on his chatterers*, &c.

† One of the *gamest* boxers that ever *peel'd*. He used to declare, “ he'd fight any thing living.” Turner kill'd him fairly,—and he was buried like a christian.

The *Ring* were pleased at this bold speech of *Ned's*,
And flung their *greasy castors* from their heads ;
Then, as the day-star was quick going down,
They *wet their whistles*, and return'd to Town.

That *start*, to whom the *swell** compell'd to yield,
And fled all drunk from the disastrous field,
Next offer'd Jack ; and soon in *ring* arrayed,
Jack *took the shine* from this *hard-hitting blade*,
Tipp'd him such *thumps*, that very soon, by *Goles*,
It was all up with th' *Master of the Rolls†*.

* Scroggins, whom his seconds made completely drunk, before the battle was half over.

† It was at this battle, between *Jack Martin the Baker*, and *the Nonpareil*, that Mr. Ranger acquired that figurative style of betting that his friends of the *fancy* have so much admired ;—as, “ Waterloo Bridge to a deal plank ; ” — “ Burlington Arcade to a slop shop.” &c.

The Muse has done;—no more she has to sing
Of wonders done by Randall in the ring ;

For Randall, now intent alone on gain,
Hath op'd a small *lush-crib* in Chanc'ry Lane,
Where he doth vend the bright enliv'ning *Deady*,
To all who *tip the blunt*, or *post the ready*.

There shall young Bacchus see his glittering shrine,
Delug'd with *strip-me-naked*, 'stead of wine,
And from his gorgeous panoply look down,
On Randall's gin-shop with a bitter frown ;
For wine, he loves to view his altars stain,
But *prime blue ruin*—*goes against the grain*.

Randall, farewell ! yet with parental care,
The Muse (half blushing) putteth forth this prayer,

Which is protective, and indeed at best,
A sort of *civilish, lady-like* request.

- “ Shade of *Jem Belcher*, hover round his *nob* ;
“ Protect his *lugs*, his *chatterers*, and *gob* :
“ And from the realms of *flambeau-coloured hue*,
“ Lend him thy nerves, when tipping his *One-Two**.
“ Thou, too, sweet *Chicken*, whom the Muse delights
“ To praise, not only for thy *pluck* in fights,
-

* The *One-Two* of Jem Beleher was given with such rapidity, that it was *felt* and *not seen*. Randall's is, in a great measure, the same. But there was an elegance and grace about the *Bristol Champion*, that must ever place him before the *Nonpareil*. I have, however, heard a preference given to the latter, and that by good judges too ; but the shade of *Jem* must be content.—Kean has been preferred, by many, to Garrick ; and Cowley, who was cotemporary with Milton, was thought a far superior poet to the author of *Paradise Lost*.

“ But when, amidst the crash of blazing beams,
“ Half chok’d with smoke, and *sluic’d* with endless
“ streams,
“ You fearless rush’d and saved a female’s life,
“ Standing undaunted ’mid the deadly strife* ;

* In November 1807, a fire broke out at Mrs. Denzil’s, silk mercer, in Thomas Street, Bristol ; and the flames had made such rapid progress, that the servant of the house, a poor girl who had retired to rest in the attic story, was nearly enveloped in flames before she awoke to behold her dreadful situation. Frantic with despair, she presented herself at the window ; her screams pierced the heart of every beholder, but none dared to attempt her rescue. At length *Pearce* appeared in the crowd, and unhesitatingly flew to her relief : by the aid of an adjoining house he reached the parapet, and, hanging over it, grasped her wrists, and, by *mere* strength, drew her up from the window, and placed her by him on the parapet.

Pearce was a native of Bristol, and was called the “ Game

“ Guard thou, my Randall; and each *milling* day,
“ Let the sweet *Nonpareil* in triumph march away.”

Chicken,” from his never having been defeated. He died
30th April, 1809, aged about thirty-two years.

Moulsey.

ON Moulsey when the moon was bright,
And comets wing'd their burning flight,
Was heard the sound of *tax-cart* light,
Of *Baldwin* rolling rapidly.

BUT Moulsey when the sun was high,
Saw clouds of dust in myriads fly ;
For *prads* and *rattlers* rolled by
Full trot in drunken revelry.

AT early dawn was heard the "sing"
Of—"Clear, Baldwin, clear the Fancy's ring,
For soon Tom Crib will Randall bring,
In buggy—to fight dev'lishly."

Then, then arose a murd'rous din ;
For Randall then came rattling in,
And, when he gain'd the ropes within,
He flung his *castor* vauntingly.

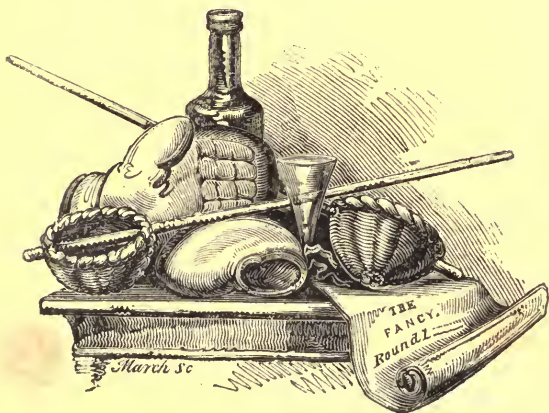
Then Turner rais'd a deaf'ning shout,
And whips wav'd high, and fists flew out,—
For Belcher leap'd the ring without,
And *peel'd* the *buffers* dextrously.

On, Turner, on—now, *Nonpareil*,
Let every blow in thunders tell,
Your *mauleys* do their duty well,
And *mill* the *fibber* gloriously.

His *ogles* now both look askance,
His *chatterers* all in air now dance,
Now, *Nonpareil*, thine is the chance,
And thou hast won it easily.

Smile, Moulsey, smile, the sun again
Shall once more blaze upon thy plain,
And dry each *claret* mantling stain
That Turner has spilt willingly.

The grass once more shall grow upon
The spot of all this slaught'ring fun,
Where *blunt* was lost and *flimseys* won,
And *Deady* guzzled merrily.



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